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its intrinsic value, as a reliable likeness, and the work of a good artist, to whom the arts in America are under special obligation, it is rich in manifold associations, literary, artistic, dramatic, historical, and local, all clustering thickly around it.

If this long letter, with its shadowy reminiscences, its rambling digressions, and its multifarious and probably not always correct quotations, give half as much amusement and gratification to you, as it did to me in writing, by the scenes and memories it has recalled, I shall be fully satisfied.

I am very truly

Your friend and servant,

G. C. VERPLANCK.

THE HOMAGE OF SCIENCE TO ART.

DAYS together in the blast
Had the molten metals seethed,
And the vapors that they breathed,
Thick with globules were up cast

Rumbling were the noises heard,
Bright the sparkles glistened there,
And the drops poured off the men,
When the glowing mass was stirred.

With a form that looked command,
Reddened from the furnace-doors,
Stood the master, 'mid its roars,
Trusting to his signal hand.

All the air-vents have been tried,
All the chambers cleared throughout,
And the props were set about,
Watched by men on every side.

Better than a lictor's rod,
Was their pride to make them stand,
When the master, waving hand,
Shouted—"In the name of God!"

Thrice the ringing strokes repeat,
Out the fiery torrent sprung,
And the sooty rafters hung
Crackling with the scorching heat.

By the hissing tide he stood,
That calm master, wary-eyed,
Giving signs on every side
To the subject brotherhood.

Boiling went the metal past,
Hot the vapor's pouring fold;
From the surfeit of the mould,
Leaped the flowing drops at last.

Cheer on cheer had hurried press!
Kingly joys the master knew,
SCIENCE had paid to ART its due,
And Time was heir to its success!

J. W.

THE METHOD OF ART.

ART is a distillation. Its secret is a selection and omission. There is a little pool in a stream by the road-side, where the water sleeps and lingers, overhung by bending branches, and lit by a ray from above, which illuminates the very shadows with soft, wandering reflection. In morning and evening hours this little charmed circle is as tranquil and as full of expectation as a maiden's heart, or the eye of a happy child. I went to eat my dinner there at midday, and the divinity of the place had gone. Like a spirit at cock-crowing, when the sun reaches a certain angle, the Naiad of the pool departs for a season, to return with evening shadows, a little fainter and feebler in expression after the heat, but still beautiful with the same serious sweetness, which is the spell of her enchantment, and prolongation into daylight hours of the mystery of the morning and of night. Now Nature plainly loves this mood, and makes costly preparation to secure it in its season, but she cannot afford to make it perpetual. She has too much else to do. There is corn to be ripened, and the sun must not always look from the east, for neighbor Weed's farm inclines to the westward. The branches of the wood must be ventilated by winds, and the depths of the pool must be searched by sunshine, or the Naiad herself will lose her freshness and her magnetism. Nature has so much to provide and accomplish, that she cannot give us anything to enjoy in purity in permanence, or unmixed and unalloyed. The wine of original life is mingled of so many elements, that we may have variety, but we have only begun to taste the sweet when a streak of the strong, or the sour, or the bitter rises to the lips. For man is so small that he cannot taste Nature in her completeness. Only one thing at a time he can compass, and what is too great for his comprehension is to him as though it were nothing. When we are deeply impressed it is always by some one element, some one characteristic, some single effect or expression in Nature or in man. Sometimes a man is born to take larger views, to compass many of the virtues of the cause, but his whole is only a fragment, and he holds it and shows it by rejecting more than he employs. We are obliged to take up Nature in detail. A horizon within the horizon is the circle which bounds our field of vision. The frame of the picture cuts off much, which, by relation, affects in reality the subject of the picture.

You see a green meadow lying beside a brown moor, now if the edge of the canvas falls between the meadow and the moor, the value of both in the landscape is lost. So always something is lost. But we are satisfied and delighted if out of the inextricable confusion of objects and influences we can seize and firmly hold one quality, so as to taste the savor of it and estimate its value. The secret of expression, of literature, of Art, is the ability to take out of this great brush-heap of a tangled world, a single thought or thing to free it from all that is extraneous, that merely hangs to it mechanically or accidentally